

This issue of "The Student's Pen" was the one of which  
a copy was enclosed in the corner stone of the  
new High School Building.  
E. S. H.



# The Student's Pen

March 1930





## Young Men

like the style in Cutting's  
Suits and their mothers  
appreciate the wear.

SPRING SUITS

*Two Trousers*

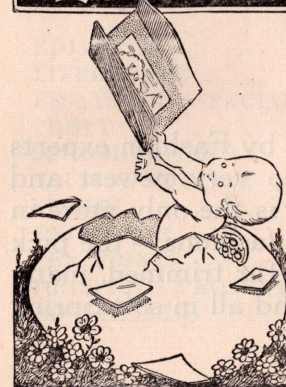
\$25 \$30 \$35

C. H. CUTTING CO.

135-137 NORTH STREET



Easter



YOUR favored friends will treasure  
your portrait as an Easter gift.  
The cost of the photographs is little—  
the happiness they bring is beyond all  
price.

*Shapiro Studio*

37 North Street

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

TELEPHONE 3935









### Spring

Pussy willows gayly nodding,  
Buds on every bush and tree,  
Brooks released from icy fastness  
Leap and laugh in ecstasy.

In the swamp the red wing swaying  
On his slender, reed-like perch  
Sends his challenge—boldly, clearly—  
Vibrant—o'er a throbbing earth.

Spring, in all your wondrous glory,  
Clad in raiment soft and green,  
Harbinger of life and beauty  
Now we hail thee as our Queen!

*Eleanor R. Behan, '30*

# EDITORIALS



### Naming the New Building

THE question of what name shall be carved upon the stone to be placed above the door of the new high school building is, just at present, a source of considerable dispute and controversy. It is urged by some that, in view of the connection of the site upon which the building is located with the name of Longfellow, the edifice should be named, in his honor, the Longfellow High School. Others, motivated by the desire to commemorate the connection of another prominent literary man with the city, suggest that the edifice be called the Herman Melville High School. Still others consider that the best course would be to name the structure simply Pittsfield High School.

It seems to us that, worthy as is the end proposed by the two first-named groups, namely, the paying of merited homage to the memory of famous literary men who have, at various times, distinguished our city either by residence in it or by visits here, the third suggestion is, for reasons which we believe will, to all unprejudiced and fair minds, appear sound, the most acceptable. In the first place, it is asserted, and, by many people sincerely believed, that Longfellow's connection with Pittsfield, while it was strong enough to give a peculiar interest to the stately mansion which formerly stood on East Street, is yet too remote to warrant the naming of the new school building in his honor. To them it seems that to pursue such a course would be to cause Pittsfield to present the appearance of being so destitute of literary connections that its inhabitants found it necessary to lay claim to a man who cannot truly be said to belong to it. We doubt if anyone would consider this desirable.

Furthermore, it may be urged against giving the structure the name of Longfellow, or of Melville, or of any other one particular person, that such a course must inevitably lead, as it has, indeed, already led, to a considerable controversy, which could never be settled to the satisfaction of everyone, as to which one of Pittsfield's illustrious connections is most worthy to receive the distinction. The name Pittsfield High School would, by suggesting the city, recall, to all who know anything of its history, the names of those distinguished men and women whose lives are associated with it. On the other hand, for one who knew nothing of our past, no name would be likely to possess any especial significance, since it would



not indicate why the person whose name was chosen should have any connection with the city.

Finally, and it seems to us that this last is the most important consideration of all, there is the fact that the new structure is not a new high school, but merely a new home for the institution at present existing. It seems to us, therefore, that it would be a serious error to give the edifice a name which might tend to alienate the school from the reputation which has been built up in the course of eighty years. In truth, in view of this fact, we are unable to understand how anyone can reasonably sponsor any such change. We sincerely trust that the officials to whom the task of selecting the name has been assigned will see fit to perpetuate, in the new structure, the only name which does full justice to the present institution and to the city as a whole, the name which has been so honorably borne throughout the eighty years of the school's existence, and for the changing of which no sufficient reason can, as we believe, be advanced.

Edward S. Willis, 1932

Editor's Note:—Since the above editorial was written, the high school commission has voted unanimously in favor of Pittsfield High School as the name for the new building.

### Your Attitude

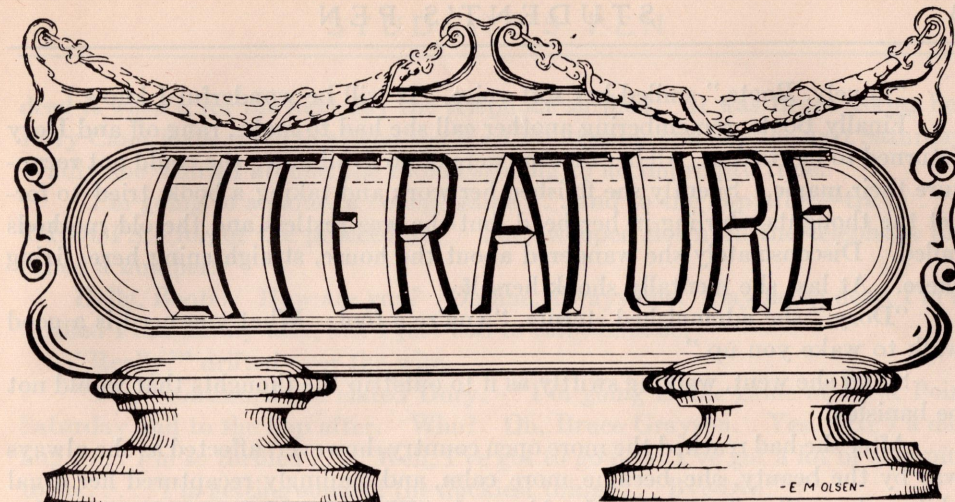
**W**HAT is your attitude toward *The Student's Pen*? Judging from the majority of student at P. H. S. a spirit of indifference prevails. This paper should be, although it is not, representative of the entire student body rather than of only a few.

The most abused excuse for not being able to furnish material is lack of time. Strange enough, the people who offer such excuses can be found at the movies or on the street nearly every afternoon.

Numerous students who do contribute to *The Pen* evidence the fact very plainly that the article which they have submitted has been written only once and has never been corrected or improved. If an article is written hurriedly and not corrected and improved, it receives much less attention than one to which much time has been devoted. Furthermore, habits of industry and accuracy command respect and develop into useful possessions in later life. Certainly one gets as much out of a piece of work as he devotes to it.

Perhaps you have not shown an interest in our magazine because there are certain faults which should be remedied. If you have suggestions to offer we shall be glad to receive them and to give them our earnest consideration. Why not write out your suggestions and drop them in *The Student's Pen* box in the library? We will publish the article containing the best ideas.

George Kenyon.



### A Grand and Glorious Feelin'

**A** SLIM figure, enveloped in a bright smock, flitted from room to room, smoothing beds till not a wrinkle showed. A sweet, clear voice rose in a trill of song and clear blue eyes focused on some far dream that curved a pretty mouth in a soft smile. Dory Cane was one of those girls who have to resort to dreams or become morose. She had never gained the shining goal of popularity that means so much to young girls. Since her father's death six years before she had been her mother's sole companion, and thought of that loved mother's wishes made the carefree acceptance of advance "dates" an impossibility for her. So she lived in a little world of her own, built of preposterous dreams and song.

This morning Dory's song had to be more vigorous and joyous than usual and her dreams more impossible, for it was the season of big football games. Dory had never been to a college game tho now her vivid imagination pictured her a thoughtfully, eagerly squired young lady, delighting in the furious noise and fun of a Yale-Army or Harvard-Army game. She sighed softly as she patted a pillow and in her mind's eye saw a lovely, tawny yellow and brown chrysanthemum that HE had given her.

Brrrring, shrilled the telephone.

"Oh dear," sighed Dory, "just at the most interesting part."

"Hello," called a laughing voice across the wire, "How's a girl, Dory?"

"Fine, Boots!" called Dory, "How're you?"

"Always fine," answered Boots, "Say listen, Dory, I'm just bursting with news. I'm so thrilled I had to call some one."

"Yes," murmured Dory, bracing herself for what was coming.

"Well," continued the happy voice, "Jack is taking me to the Colave-Benton game Saturday. I'm so thrilled, dear. I'm going to wear my———."

Dory mechanically inserted the correct replies while her busy head buzzed.

"Why do I have to listen to things like this? It only makes me dissatisfied. Why can't I be like the rest? I'm as pretty as they and can do lots of things better than they. Oh, Oh! Oh! Boots, for heaven's sake can't you keep quite? Can't you guess how cruel you're being?" she thought.



"Lovely, Boots," smiled her soft voice, "It will be wonderful I know."

Finally Boots, remembering another call she had to make, rang off and Dory returned to her tasks. All her dreams were of no avail now; she could not recapture their magic. Silently she finished her work and taking a book, tried to forget the thoughts whirling in her head, but she was restless and the old methods failed. Disconsolately she wandered about the house, straightening here, fixing there. At last she mentally shook herself.

"Dory," she admonished sternly, "You're a fool. What you need is a good walk to wake you up."

So off she went, walking swiftly as if to outstrip the thoughts that would not be banished.

After she had reached the more open country, however, affected as she always was by the beauty, she became more calm, and smilingly recaptured her usual philosophy. She shrugged and whispered, "What does it matter?—some day—" Swiftly she turned and retraced her steps homeward and Lady Luck or perhaps fate, unbending a little, admired her resolute flouting of discontent and marked her for favor.

Two days later a long peal of the doorbell sent Dory scurrying to the door. There, hat in hand, stood a tall, well set up figure. The face was somehow very familiar to the girl. Then an expression of joyous recognition lighted her face.

"Bruce!" she cried extending both hands and drawing him into the house, "You old darling, where have you come from?"

"China," was the laconic response, "And you, Dory, I swear I believe I was expecting to see my former twelve-year-old playmate unchanged."

"Hardly," laughed Dory, "Time does not stand still, even for such favorites of fortune as you and I. But you said China. Sit down this minute and tell me the how, when, and what of it all."

"First," said Bruce, "Let me look at you," and look he did, seeing rather a tall slim girl with dark straight hair and large, blue eyes framed in long dark lashes. The rest of the face was not especially pretty except for the expression of interest that lighted it attractively. The girl, returning the scrutiny, saw a man with an air of command and power emphasizing his dark good looks. She noticed that his expression, wonder of wonders, showed a lively interest in her.

"Perhaps he'll like you," a little imp whispered to Dory.

"Joy, wouldn't that be wonderful" she thought.

"Well," Bruce Grayson's voice was saying. "They picked me for this round-the-world stunt. And some stunt it was! Why in India it so happened that . . . ." Tales of his adventures followed in quick succession, Dory becoming more animated and delighted as she heard each one and her first shyness had worn off.

Two happy hours passed before either realized it was long past lunch time. Laughing at themselves they prepared a meal in the pretty kitchen and appeased their hunger which, once given a thought, asserted itself strongly.

Later as Bruce was leaving he unwittingly almost spoiled Dory's day by asking for a girl he had been very fond of before he had mysteriously dropped from sight three years before. As she closed the door, after waving to him as the bright canary colored roadster slurred away, Dory sighed "And that's that." But in-

deed it wasn't, for the next day the telephone shrilled. It was Bruce asking her, Dory Cane, if she cared to attend the West Point game and hop the next Saturday. Wildly she whirled around the room carolling to an impromptu tune.

"I'm going to a game, a college game . . . and to the hop after—tra la . . . WHOOPS I forgot the proceedure." She swooped down on the telephone and called a number.

Hello, Boots? How are you? Oh fine, always fine. Say listen dear, I'm so thrilled I can hardly talk, but I just had to call someone."

"Really?" drifted over the wire.

"Yes," continued the elated Dory. "I'm going to the game at West Point Saturday and to the hop after. Who? Oh, Bruce Grayson. Yes. He's a darling . . . I'm so thrilled . . . Well, I've got to go now, I've got a lot of shopping to do . . . I'm getting some of the duckiest things . . . Bye-bye."

"Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'" thought Dory ecstatically as she hurried toward the inviting stores.

*Dorothy Lamar, P. G.*

### A Spring Fantasy

A STRANGE new boy has come into town. He came down from the hills. One day, at dawn, he had stood on a high, lonely peak among his native mountains, and had looked down, down, down, until he could see where a long, winding, white road curved luringly below him, and entered a town. How peaceful it looked from where he was! The brooks, but lately released, were tumbling headlong, impetuous, eager, down the stony slopes. He had a sense of brooks and rivers and streams all over the world, flowing, racing, rushing to the sea. The old longing came over him again. Even the birds were flying away! Why should he stay? When you are young, and when it is spring, then is the time for going—going anywhere, as long as it is somewhere, where adventure waits. A soft spring breeze caressed his cheek and whispered, "Come." The air grew transparent and swimming, so that he could see it shimmering before him in a clear, dazzling blue haze, and his blood began to run riot in his veins, calling to him, "Come! come!" So he set out in the pale spring sunshine of that mid-morning in February, and the next day he reached town.

He is tall, too tall for the indoors, and awkward, too, for he is uncouth and ignorant. But he is strong, and deliriously full of vigor from the exhilarating mountain air. He is frightening at moments, for he blusters and roisters through the streets, teasing this one, insulting that one, and whistling rudely in the face of another one. It is only because he does not know the ways of town. He will never learn them, either, for he is wild. And his ears are pointed. I noticed that with a thrill and wondered if he could be Pan. Except for those ears, you might take him for a human lad,—a rude mountain youth, of wild rustic spirits, and an untamed primitive joy in life. He has wind-tossed black hair that is rather long and coarse, and gray eyes that can be steely and reckless, but are usually sparkling and gay, with streaks of gold in the center. He is raw-boned, elemental, and very boyish. Sometimes, after he has carried his arrogance or his freshness or his teasing too far, he will apologize sheepishly, lovingly, and whistle a little more softly for a while. He wears great, heavy, clumping boots, and always he whistles



—puffing his cheeks out, pouring all his young strength and energy into the breezy, sweeping, rolling surge of wind-music that is his greatest expression of the joy he feels at this time of year.

But he has another side. After he had been in the city quite a while, I found him sitting on, a rock wall, whistling slow, and low, and sad, whistling a pleading tune with a tender, wistful refrain. It was a gray day, and very still.

"Why are you so quiet, boy?" I said, daringly. He turned his eyes on me in surprise. They were a clouded gray now. Then he looked away again—this time up toward the hills.

"It is time for me to go," he said, "and she has not come. Always I have to go before she comes. Every year I hope it won't be so, but I might have known. It is always the same. She will not come before I go."

"Who is she?" I asked, laughing inwardly that this boy, like all boys, had a "she" in spring.

He looked up with even more surprise, and a bit of reproach. "April, of course," he said, "She is so slow. She was just outside the town yesterday. I felt her soft, warm breath, and there was a drop of rain fell—one of her tears. She's always crying, you know,—or laughing. But she's gone back now. She changes her mind so often—like all girls—and she dilly-dallies back and forth. I've been whistling, for her all day, but she hasn't come. She won't come until I am gone. I know it."

I was held in a trance-like wonder. It was like a fairy tale.

"What does she look like?" I asked.

"She has gold-brown hair that curls," he said affectionately, "and eyes that are blue when she laughs and gray when she weeps. She's very young—and she wears a green dress, and silver slippers. She is beautiful!"

"And you said her name is—April?" I barely breathed.

"Yes, April—lovely thing."

"Then, you—" I cried, "you must be—"

"I am March," he said; and then a strong wind blew by,—strong, but not so impetuous and gay and daring as the winds had been a few weeks earlier. The grass bent down and rose again; the wind had passed, and March had gone.

The trees, the very leaves on them, the birds, the crickets, everything grew still, waiting. I waited, too, breathless. The sky was gray; the clouds had stopped rolling. Far off across the rock wall, by the forest path, I thought I saw a faint greenish strip, almost nothing but a haze. A bit of blue appeared above—a rift in the gray of the clouds. Then a drop of warm, velvety rain fell on my bare head—one drop, then others—cool, silvery fingers stroking the leaves of all the trees,—light, little, silver-slippered feet tripping across the adoring grass. April had come again!

*Ruth Hopkins, '32*

### Twenty-five Years

IT was noon in the small town of Gentryville. The sun beat down on the dusty road and the flier buzzed noisily around the butcher's shop on Main Street. A little farther down the road one could see the so called residential district. Here, on one of the spacious lawns in the shade of a lilac bush, sat two little girls,

clad in blue and pink smocks. They are clasping hands and solemnly looking at one another. The taller had dark hair and eyes and the other light hair with blue eyes. Their ages were thirteen and fourteen respectively.

"Now don't forget, Mary," said Elinore.

"No, in twenty-five years—on the third of August—at twelve o'clock noon."

\* \* \* \* \*

Elinore Cartwright Smith reclined languidly on her chaise longue, holding in one hand a telephone; in the other a newspaper at which she glanced at intervals.

"Yes, I'm inviting her to a small dinner party if possible. What? No. I've only met her once. But I mean to get a lap ahead of Mrs. Jones socially, and having a famous authoress to my home certainly would help. I see in this morning's paper that she is to lecture at Anthony Hall. I can be properly introduced afterwards. All right. Good-Bye."

Elinore put down the telephone and wandered disconsolately around the room. She must manage to meet this Alice Cady whose latest book was all the rage, and whose picture had appeared in the paper. Then thinking of her household affairs—had the maid cleaned out her bureau drawers? She walked across the room and irritably pulled open the bottom drawer. Her clothes were in perfect order—on top lay a small white box. Stooping down Elinore idly picked it up. She remembered that Marie had found it in an old jewelry box when they had last moved. Upon opening it she uttered a sharp exclamation. In the bottom lay a small gold locket with the initials "M. B." engraved on it.

"Mary Blair," she murmured, "In twenty-five years—Under a lilac bush in Gentryville—on August third at noon." Today was the third of August and it had been twenty-five years since two little girls had sat under a bush, solemnly holding hands. Clasp the locket around her neck, she ran the bell for the maid and gave orders for the car to be brought around to the front immediately. An hour later a limousine, with a handsomely garbed woman in the back seat left Alton.

Again it was noon. The Main Street of Gentryville was much the same as it had been twenty-five years before. The noonday sun beat down on the road and the flies were as numerous as ever. Suddenly the purr of a motor was heard. A small roadster dashed down the street causing the clouds of dust to rise in every direction. It stopped in front of a large, white house, on the lawn of which was a lilac bush. A tall, slender, dark haired woman stepped out.

At the same time a limousine appeared from the opposite direction. It stopped in back of the roadster. The chauffeur alighted and helped a rather stout, light haired woman out, who proceeded up the path. Then as she caught sight of her predecessor, "Miss Cady! How delightful to find you here! What are you doing?"

The so called Miss Cady slowly turned around and uttered one word, "Elinore."

*Elizabeth Gale, '31*



## Faith

IT was a lovely night in late June. The moon was smiling peacefully down on the Brown's little, white farmhouse as if to bless it. But wait—a cloud has suddenly hidden the moon and all is pitch dark as if to forecast the little tragedy which is soon to take place.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown with their two children, a baby and a six-year old boy, were sitting on the porch talking over the happenings of the day. As the cloud covered the moon Mrs. Brown jumped from her chair and said, "I must put baby to bed! It is much later than I thought it was." Then she said to her son, "You may stay out and play a while until baby is in bed and then I'll tuck you in next." She entered the house, and her husband went in after her to look for his pipe and doze a while.

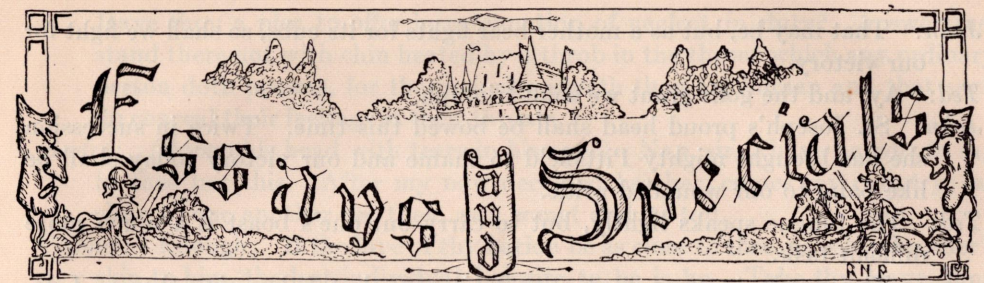
Little Bob sat and watched the fire-flies as they darted here and there like tiny sparks of light in the darkness. Suddenly he thought it would be fun to catch one of the pretty bugs for Mother. He started up the path to the country road, stretching out his tiny hands as he went along trying to catch a bug—and so, not realizing, he wandered along the dark road away from home. No thought of fear entered his heart. He did not know that a pair of wicked eyes watched him and that an ugly face smiled sinisterly as he wandered father from home. He had walked about a quarter of a mile when the man caught up to him and asked if he might help catch fireflies too. With the beautiful faith children often have, little Bob placed his hand in the stranger's, feeling happy—so happy that he was to have company. Thus with the man guiding him, he was led on away from home.

At home Mother had rocked the baby to sleep and Father was sitting in an easy chair dozing. Mother stepped quietly out on the porch and not finding Bob there she started looking around the house calling, "Bob, it's time little boys were in bed." She called several times and each time her voice became more alarmed until finally it was almost a scream. Mr. Brown awoke from his doze and hurried to her side. How their poor hearts ached when, after searching through the house and barn, they found no trace of him. Mr. Brown told his wife to stay with the baby while he called for help and went in search for the little lost one.

Sometimes the hand of Fate steps in and strangely changes the plans mortals make. The man who led the child from its home had all the evil motives a person must have who will bend so low as to secure ransom for a life. Yet deep down, under all his badness there was some goodness, and the little child kindled it. No one had ever trusted him before, but this mere baby did and even was not afraid of his disfigured face from which other children ran when they beheld it. He marvelled at the child's faith in him and was happy. So, despite his intention, he decided to send the child back home.

How thankful that mother was when, from her window, she saw her little boy toddling wearily down the path to home, and how happy the father was when, after a fruitless search, he returned home to find his son asleep in the mother's arms!

Elizabeth White, '31



## March Winds

HOW unlike the winds of other months are those of March! The spring breezes, gently blowing the meekly nodding flowers; the hot breath of the summer zephyrs, sending up dusty clouds from parched country roads; the winds of Indian summer, with their cool, bracing tang; and the moaning, sobbing winds of late autumn, sighing through barren dripping boughs; all have their special charm. Even the bluff, shrieking winds of winter that send shivers down the spine are not to be despised. But for winds with real individuality give me the winds of March!

Down they sweep from the blue, cloud-rifted sky, gaily carrying off newspapers left by newsboys on front porches, whirling the remaining patches of snow into the air, pushing and pulling every movable object with a sudden, joyful swoop.

The brooks, released from the bondage of winter's ice, suddenly find their usual placid pools piled sky high with tossing waves; and the clouds above them, go racing across the sky like sheep chased by a playful collie.

Harder and stronger grows the breath of the March wind until with a final vigorous puff, it snuffs out the faintly flickering candle of Winter.

E. NicholSEN, '32

## By-Products of the Study of Julius Caesar

(Experiments in Elizabethan Manner)

## Discussion of a Football Game

By Jeanne Horelly, '32

Time: The day of the big football game between St. Joseph and Pittsfield High Schools.

Place: John's house, in the living room, which should be an ordinary up to date parlor.

Characters: John and Ted.

John is reading. Enter Ted from the door on the left.

Ted: Hail, worthy John! Good afternoon.

John: Welcome, Ted!

Ted: Goest thou to the football game this afternoon?

John: Thinkest thou that I would miss the sight of Pittsfield swooping down on St. Joseph's like a bird of prey on its victim? Nay, I shall be among the mob that comes to cheer our Alma Mater.

Ted: Be not jealous of me or think me untrue to my school, Oh beloved Ted, when I say that in respect of our quarterback, St. Joseph's is superior.



*John:* That may be, but as a mother bear fights for its cubs, so shall we fight for our victory.

*Ted:* Ay, and the gods grant we shall triumph.

*John:* St. Joseph's proud head shall be bowed this time. Twice in succession she has brought mighty Pittsfield to shame and our victory today shall be like balm to our wounded pride.

*Ted:* The tongue speaks lightly, but to carry out one's boast is a much more difficult task.

*John:* Thy words, to some, may seem traitorous, but I, knowing thee as I do, would as soon think of the sun failing to make its daily trip across the heavens as thou turning traitor to Pittsfield.

*Ted:* Peace! Count the clock. (Clock strikes) The clock hath stricken twelve, I must away to dine. Be thou ready at two for I shall come to fetch thee.

*John:* Do so, I shall be waiting.

(Exit Ted, and John continues with his reading).

### Reunited

By Olga Duri, 10A

### SCENE 1

Place: A battle field.

Dramatis Personae:

General of English Army

Phillip of French Army

André of English Army

Several soldiers on both sides

*General:* Fire, fire, let not thy guns pause but a moment lest they rust on the field by our blood.

(Armies draw closer, two men each of opposite sides stare and drop guns)

*Phillip:* André, c'est toi, mon cher frère. Oh, bon Dieu.

*André:* Phillip!

(Runs up and embraces him. Phillip sinks, bleeding from a bullet-wound which came from the English Army).

Ah, Phillip, I no sooner find thee when thou art once moe taken from me.

(Kneels and cries bitterly. André is then shot by a soldier of the French Army).

### CURTAIN

### SCENE 2

Place: Colonel Drappe's headquarters

Dramatis Personae:

Colonel Drappe of England

André, with an arm in a sling

*Colonel:* Thou, in whose hands I wouldst not hesitate in putting all my treasures and those of the nation; thou, to whom great honors were once due, hath turned about like a waterwheel doth with many new waters on its next upturn. Thou art overfilled with fortune, thou knave, to hold on thy side all who judge the unnatural death of traitors, but a body of more power doth state that this be the last time thy feet shall trample over England's land.

Have thou a plea to offer in extenuation of neglect in duty? Answer me, stand there not with chin heated by a throb in the throat which any ordinary person doth possess, for the majority sayeth thou art human and that such do conceal their feelings in their throats.

*André:* (Raises his head with tears in his eyes) Nay, sir, I have naught to say to thee but this. After my now deceased brother, comes my country; as close to one another are they, as a comet and its tail.

*Colonel:* Enough. If the love of thy nation be as close to thee, as is thy brother's skin to him, the last individual I desire to be is he. Take thy leave, thou rogue and show thy countenance no moe on this climate.

(André lowers his head and slowly staggers out)

### CURTAIN

### SCENE 3

Place: Banks of the lower Rhine River

Dramatis Personae: André

*André:* Ah, my mind doth wear a heavy load and naught can be done to light it. I longed my country to help but could not continue as I had commenced. After many weary a night and day sans my stolen brother, in body only but not in memories, I at last changed my mind as a frog doth change his skin. Then to mine ears the air did carry the name, "André," in that soft gentle tone which only Philip uttered. Would that he were here.

(From a distance Philip can be seen walking slowly on crutches. As he approaches, he cries out).

*Philip:* André, André!

*André:* Ah, too soon have I spoken. The breezes bring that same, soft tone. I oft did long to hear.

*Philip:* André!

*André:* Ah, still they call.

*Philip:* André!

*André:* Philip, (Both embrace and cry for joy), but thou art real? Ah, hast thou been sent from thy army too?

*Philip:* Nay, frère, nay, the war hath to an end been brought, and when this news mine ears did reach, at once I set afoot to search for you and when directed to your trail, I paused not a second.

*André:* Philip, I now possess all that is dear to me and all that I care to have, where'r thou wishest to go, anywhere beyond yon western banks, we shall go.

### CURTAIN.

### The War Paint

Time: Modern

Place: Curtis Homestead

Characters:

A. Jane Curtis, a girl of eighteen

B. Bill, her brother, a year older

C. Mrs. Curtis, their mother

The action in this scene takes place in a large, comfortable, tastefully decorated reception room in the Curtis home on a June evening. Stairs lead from the



upstairs to this room. The furnishings consist of a lamp set on a table in the middle of the room, a radio set on one side of the room and a French telephone on the other. Several chairs are scattered throughout the room and on the floor is a beautiful rug.

At the rise of the curtain, Jane is talking on the telephone, her mother sitting near the radio reading, and Bill slowly advancing down the stairs with a mischievous look on his face.

*Jane:* Oh Kay! the world is like a rose colored glass now.

And he, Oh he! is a real Prince Charming. You what? Oh! I do beseech you to go tonight.

I'll fetch Bill, if you go.

All right.

I'll see you out there at nine past the o'clock.

*Bill:* Say sis, you look like the last rose of summer;

Art thou going to a bull fight?

*Jane:* Oh, you heartless wretch!

Mother, make that parrot take himself hence.

He always reminds me of running water; one always has to use force to shut him off.

*Mrs. C:* Children! these uncouth remarks will stop at once.

Jane, thou wilt not go to the dance tonight.

Bill, thou didst not mean what thou hast said, didst thou?

*Bill:* Never do I quote sayings, I do not mean.

Tell me, sis, where didst thou get the war paint? Thou lookest like the last of the Moh—

*Jane:* Oh Mother! hast thou no command over this beast?

*Mother:* Children! that is sufficient. Here comes thy friend, go thou, and get thy wrap. Bill, see thou, who knocks.

*Bill:* Upon my word, I'll let Prince Charming in.

*Jane:* Thou art a heartless cat.

*Helen Bray, '32*

### "Pussy Willows"

IN the early spring, when the snow is going away very slowly from the mountains in little, icy streams, you can see the first willow pussies coming out for an airing. The knobby switches of willow shrubs grow with their little webby-root feet in the water. Along the thin, leafless stems are scale-covered buds set at regular spaces on the brownish-green, satin-covered bark. When these scales have opened, the gray noses of fur poke out to find out about the weather. In the warm sunshine, they will slip right out and sit as if with toes and tails under them like a number of maltese kittens. After a very short time they swell and stretch, like kittens with their backs up about something until each gray hair shows a grain of pollen under it. Shake a twig and see the gold dust fly!

When the April sun is quite warm, the dark willows take the brown waterproof caps from their heads, and push out some catkin tails as scaly as pine cones. The big willows know better than to bloom too early for the foolish pussies are nipped by Jack Frost. Pussy willows herald the coming of that most joyous season—Spring!

*Helen L. Koch, '31*

### Spring Painting

NOW that Mother Nature has swung us around to spring once more, our parents' thoughts have turned to that never ending phrase—Spring Painting. Spring painting! How I hate the very sight and sound of those two words! What awful visions of family arguments, and tedious hours they recall!

As usual, last spring my parents decided that our dining room absolutely must be done over. Of course, there immediately began the discussion of the color scheme which was to be used. All combinations whether harmonious or jarring, were discussed and frequently extolled. Finally, the whole family decided that mother's pet idea of having soft green walls, yellow draperies of a restful hue, and white woodwork and ceiling would be as pleasing as any of the numerous schemes suggested.

However, the worst was yet to come. The tense hours of choosing the correct shade were fast approaching. With them came paint catalogues galore. Every spare moment was filled by a family conclave. Joy of joys! at last a shade which was as near our desire as possible was selected. The following evening father came home armed with a bottle of turpentine, a can of green paint, and the necessary paint brush. It seemed as though the harrassing hours were over. Alas, more were yet to come.

One momentous Saturday father began the painting. For a while the progress was rapid. Soon we were all summoned to render the verdict. Horrors, what a sight met our eyes! The shade we had chosen so carefully was enough to make one sea sick. Without delay it was unanimously decided to make another choice. Catalogues were again brought forth. However, before another selection was made, father, who always dislikes to throw anything away, had mixed some other green paint with that which we had bought. The second trial was made on the same wall with the same heartrending effect. The wall appeared to be covered with a cold, slimy moss. The third attempt at beauty was as pitiful.

After father had tried mottling the wall, mother took matters into her own hands. She wisely decided to steer clear of all shades of green for all time. So with her former color scheme in mind, mother chose a colonial yellow. All of the next day was spent in painting, and when father arrived home in the evening, the walls which greeted him were a restful yellow. After another coat of paint, the hanging of the cool green draperies, and the painting of the woodwork, the room was finished. But what days we had spent. Even now in certain lights there is the faintest undertone of green, a pertinent reminder of those hectic days.

*Evelyn Sloper '30*

### A Journey

A BOOK report! What a task for vacation! As though there weren't enough school-work apparently assigned for the sole purpose of making life miserable without having to read a terribly dry essay besides!

I knew that I should detest the book when I finally did get ready to read it. A more uninteresting volume one seldom sees—a drab, greenish black, with corners broken, and binding frayed—indeed a tiresome looking affair. The illustrations were not much better either. The frontispiece showed a sluggish green



pond on whose bank grew a profusion of green grass, green bushes, and green trees. Indeed, the only thing that was not green was the sky—surely it was unintentional on the illustrator's part—probably it was just an accident that it became a yellowish pink. Right then I stopped looking at the illustrations and began to read.

The first chapter was finished almost before I realized it. "Not bad; really not at all bad" I decided. And I went on, the further I read the more absorbed I became, for the author had taken me from my cynical criticism of his book to the open road, and he was pointing out to me the things which I had seen so many times before and yet had never comprehended. He led me along the curving, leisurely country roads, winding among the fresh meadows, past the farms and country houses, some withdrawn in calm remoteness, some nestling close to the road; and on over the rolling hills, through the glorious sunny days and the cool, fresh rainy ones. He told me of the people along the way; of the kindly farmer family, so content in their security; of the strange, old peddler with his wit as a talker, who seemed to have been set going by someone's pressing a button and then neglecting to turn it off; of the poor little minister, fired with a divine purpose, which his community was trying so hard to quench, and of the jolly tramp who sang his carefree way through life. He told me of all these, and he told me so clearly, so definitely, and he described not only themselves but their thoughts so vividly, and with such understanding, that I felt that I knew each as a friend.

And all this while he was revealing to me his own character and nature, his love of wandering in the out-of-doors, his deep sympathy and understanding of human nature, his appreciation of true values and of the simple as well as the beautiful things of life, of his joyous gayety, his impulsiveness, and, above all, his love of freedom and adventure. And then he sat down with me by the wayside and began to philosophize, explaining to me many of his beliefs.

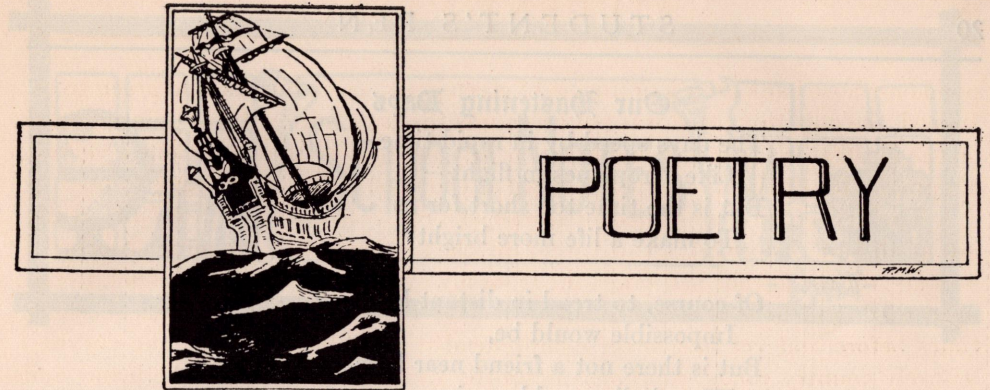
"Do you know, friend," said he, "we can be free of many things that dominate our lives by merely crying out a rebellious 'Avaunt!'"; or "Any man may brutally pay his way anywhere, but it is quite another thing to be accepted by your human-kind not as a paid lodger but as a friend;" and later, "I long ago decided to try to be fully what I am and not to be anything or anybody else."

Thus he took me with him on his journey, and I forgot his illustrations and his cover, and the fact that he was one of the causes for my having to write a book report, and I loved him for the things he had shown me on that beautiful friendly road.

*Carolyn Stafford, '30*

There was a stout girl named Janet  
Who was not at all Scotch when she "et;"  
When they called "Single file!"  
She said "'Tisn't my style;  
I can easily sing a duet!"

*R. H., '32*



### Songs of the Sea

#### I

I sing a song of rolling waves,  
Of ships upon the sea,  
Of sails against the azure sky,  
Of winds that follow free.

I sing a song of seaports, too,  
Of busy marts of trade,  
Where ships fast bound at anchor are,  
And merchants' wares displayed.

A stirring song, the song I sing  
Of pleasure, toil, and strife,  
A song of joy, a song of woe,  
A song of sailor's life.

*Edward S. Willis, '32*

#### II

I sing a song of rolling waves  
Beneath a sunny sky;  
Of snowy sails upon the sea;  
Of winds that whistle by.

I sing a song of gray-green depths  
Where purple shadows swirl;  
Of flashing, dancing, rainbow spray;  
Of billows tipped with pearl.

I sing a song of carefree hearts;  
Of life and liberty;

I sing a song of magic spells  
Cast by the restless sea.

*Betty Brown, '32*



**Our Hastening Days**

The days speed by in rapid time—  
Like aeroplanes in flight—  
But is the time too short for us  
To make a life more bright?

Of course, to tread in distant lands,  
Impossible would be,  
But is there not a friend near home  
Who gladly would receive

A cheerful smile as you pass by—  
Or just a kindly word—  
And would there not be those whose aims  
Such friendly deeds would serve?

And so, throughout our hastening days  
May we strive for the right;  
There's always something we can do  
To make a life more bright.

*Caryl G. Tuggey, '32*

**Rain**

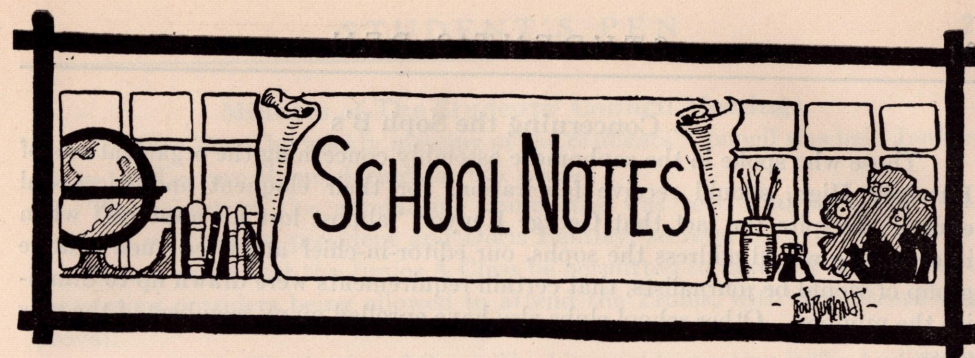
Rain dreary?  
Ah, no,  
What is better  
Than a setter  
By your side,  
A cheery book,  
A cozy nook,  
An apple, say,  
And soft grey rain  
Against the window pane?

*Catherine V. Wilkinson, '31*

**Spring**

A blur of green  
A sweep of blue  
And the flame of a red bird darting through;  
  
A teasing croon  
A dash of song  
And the breath of the spring breeze flips along.

*Bessie Yeats, P. G.*

**Assembly**

ON February 21st, an assembly was held in joint observance of Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays. Thomas Joyce acted as chairman. Edward S. Willis, read a paper entitled, "Important Facts About George Washington," in which he gave a detailed outline of Washington's life and the magnitude of his services to our country. In closing Willis quoted the lines:

"His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

The second speaker was George Kenyon. The title of his speech was, "Lincoln's Characteristics." Kenyon brought out Lincoln's humor, love of honesty and square dealing, kindness, and courage.

The third and last speaker was Victor Wagner. The lengthy oration which he delivered, was entitled, "What Washington and Lincoln Mean to the United States." Wagner related various anecdotes about Lincoln and Washington, but he also stressed their good points, and the example they set us for meeting our daily problems in this game of chance—Life. In conclusion, Wagner stated, "There have been other men as great, and other men as good; but in all history of man there are no other two great men as good as these, and no other two good men as great."

*M. McClaren*

**Assembly**

The afternoon session held an assembly in observance of Washington's and Lincoln's birthday anniversaries on Friday, February 20.

Mr. Thomas Joyce acted as chairman.

The program was as follows:

Washington Post . . . . .	High School Orchestra
Abraham Lincoln . . . . .	Edward Michelson
George Washington . . . . .	William Greenwood
The Works of Washington and Lincoln . . . . .	Miss Elinor Buck
High School Cadet . . . . .	High School Orchestra
	Louis Samuel, '32



### Concerning the Soph B's

Those who spoke in the sophomore assembly concerning the organizations of Pittsfield High, should receive felicitations for their eloquent and successful efforts. Despite the fact that George Kenyon "almost lost his appetite" when informed he would address the sophs, our editor-in-chief attracted such a large group of would be journalists, that certain requirements were drawn up to diminish the number. Other school clubs also have enrolled many members of the new class.

However, although many have entered these school societies, the upperclass men still have failed to recognize an additional hundred and fifty voices in the cheering squads. Evidently it may require a month or so to acquire the proper school spirit, but a good time to begin would be with the advent of the baseball season. Ignorance of cheers, an ancient alibi, is a poor one especially after attending a Pittsfield-St. Joe game or with possible opportunity to procure copies of the Student Guide from home-room teachers or the office. So while all patiently await the opening of the baseball season, likewise all expectantly await a large delegation from the Sophomore B class.

*E. Michelson '32*

### Assembly

**A**T a recent assembly, Thomas Joyce a graduate of Pittsfield High School in 1922, and now in charge of publicity for the Radio Corporation of America, spoke to the students on what qualities are necessary for success in life.

In stressing the importance of business in this country today, Mr. Joyce stated that our government is run mostly by business and by powerful business men. There are many opportunities for ambitious young people in the field of business, as there is a great demand for responsible men and women to fill important positions. Opportunity presents itself to the individual every day. To take advantage of it, one should have initiative, enthusiasm, and sound judgment. But what we shall be tomorrow depends largely on what we are today. Mr. Joyce declared that there are many opportunities for the student in school, and our school work and our personal relations reflect on us in the world of industry and advancement.

As the new term was just beginning, Mr. Strout closed the assembly by urging the pupils to work harder and to take advantage of the opportunities that the high school offers to its students.

*Julia M. Atkinson, '30*

### Rally March 7

The afternoon session held a short rally for the Pittsfield-St. Joseph game on Saturday, March 8.

Captain "Mike" Shelsey and "Bill" Hanford urged the students to support the team by attending the game.

The assembly was concluded by songs and cheers which were led by William Greenwood and Jonathan England.

The fact that numerous members of the Sophomore class were at the game proved that the rally was beneficial.

*Louis Samuel, '32*

### Minutes of The Students' Council Meetings

*January 17*—The weekly meeting of the Students' Council was held January 17, in the Lecture Room during the 6th period.

The report of the nominating committee was read and accepted. Mr. England was elected president and Doris Bentley, secretary.

It was voted that the Junior A Class be permitted to take any action desired concerning outsiders being allowed to attend the Proms, with Mr. Strout's approval.

*January 31*—The Students' Council had its weekly meeting in the Auditorium during the first period on January 31. Roger O'Gara was appointed to look up the free periods of the teachers who might attend the meetings.

A report of the meeting of the assembly committee was read. It was voted that the council members volunteer their services to Mr. Strout for the purpose of introducing the various speakers who come here. There was a short discussion concerning guards for the Students' Council pins. A question was brought up relative to the honor and credit lists. Traffic recommendations were brought up and discussed.

A motion was made and carried that the Students' Council members start the organization of the Junior B class. It was also voted that the Junior B class organization be started two weeks after the new semester.

*February 7*—The regular meeting of the Students' Council was held Friday, February 7, during the second period. After the report concerning the admission of letter men to athletic games was read, the matter was discussed. A list of the classes from which new members are to be elected on the Students' Council was given to Mr. Strout. There was a motion made and carried that a supervisor of the afternoon traffic be appointed. The question of organizing the Junior B class was again brought up. Some discussion was held about the borrowing of student's season tickets.

*February 17*—During the 3rd period on February 14, the weekly meeting of the Students' Council was held. The report of the traffic committee was read and accepted. Some discussion was held concerning tickets, cheers, and assemblies for athletic games. A motion was made and carried that some arrangement be made so that the taller students might have higher desks. It was voted that a picture of the Students' Council be taken in the spring. It was also voted that an assembly to celebrate be given. A list of the candidates to be elected to the Students' Council was brought up to be discussed at the next meeting.

*February 21*—On Friday, February 21, fifth period, a meeting of the Students' Council was held. A list of the candidates for election to the Students' Council was discussed.

Some comment was made on the attitude of the students at assemblies.

### CLASS ELECTIONS

#### Senior A

The Senior A class has voted to retain for the present semester the same officers that served during the Senior B term: president, Victor Wagner; vice president, Richard Gibbons; secretary, Sherman Hicks; treasurer, William Hol-



den. The class also decided to give a play rather than a dance. A general committee has been named, which includes Dorothy Reid, Amelia Mahavski, William Henderson, Cortland Tower and William Haylon. The play, Tarkington's "Clarence" will be coached by Miss Frances Wainwright.

*Julia M. Atkinson, '30*

#### Senior B

The Senior B class recently held a class meeting for the purpose of electing their class officers. Those elected were: president, Henry Schachte; vice president, Forest Lesser; secretary, Betty Whitney; treasurer, William Hanford.

The ring committee has also been chosen. The members are Paul Lipson, Rita Fahey, Adella Koscher, Williams Andrews, and Thomas Joyce. Several representatives of local jewelers have already submitted their samples and prices.

*Bessie Klein, '30*

#### Junior A

The Junior A class recently held a meeting for the election of class officers at which Miss Morse presided. The following were chosen to serve for the term: president, Fred Calderwood; vice president, Joseph Nilan; secretary, Edwin Purnell; treasurer, Orrington Tubbs. Mr. Geary was elected class adviser.

#### Junior B

The Junior B class met February 10th for its first class meeting. Miss Rachael Morse opened the meeting by telling the necessity of class organization while only Junior B's. The election of class officers then took place. Calvin Hannum was elected president; Frank Wetstein, vice president; Allan Shepardson, treasurer; and Betty Brown, secretary. It was voted to have Mr. Hennessey as the class adviser. The dues, amounting to thirty-five cents, will be payable monthly.

*Dorothy A. Stokes, '32*

### The National Oratorical Contest

THE seventh annual preliminary contest for the National Oratorical Contest was held in the high school auditorium March 6th. Mr. Strout, who acted as chairman, opened the assembly by giving a short talk on what the contest means.

The speakers were given the privilege of choosing their own subject although it was required that it should be in connection with the Constitution. The contestants spoke in order arranged by lot.

Jonathan England, a 12A pupil, talked on "The Citizen—His Duties Under the Constitution." The speech, which proved very interesting, dealt for the most part with peace.

Esther Levine, the second speaker, an 11B pupil, had as her topic, "The Rise of the Nation Through the Constitution."

The next speaker, Edward Michelson, a 10A pupil, spoke on "The Expansion of the Constitution in the Regulation of Business." The benefits of the Federal Reserve System and Interstate Commerce Commission and the commercial advantages derived from the constitution were well brought out.

William Greenwood, another 10A contestant, had as his theme, "The Constitution in the Daily Life of the Individual." He told of our relation to it in time of war and peace.

William Andrews, a 12B student, the next speaker, had as his subject, "Prohibition and the Constitution." He stressed the point that the people do not appreciate the importance of the prohibition situation and also that the great issue before the public is whether fundamental law should be obeyed.

The sixth speaker, Harland Braun from the 11B class, spoke on "The Constitution and Freedom of Speech and Press." He spoke of the difference in freedom in time of war and peace. He also brought the point that the supremacy of the Constitution should at no time be denied.

Eleanor Buck, a 10A student, spoke on "The Constitution as a Guarantee of Liberty for the Individual." Her speech for the most part was in relation to worthwhile ideals.

Thomas Joyce, from the 12B class, had as his subject, "The Influence of the Civil War on the Constitution." His talk centered upon the difference between state and Constitutional supremacy and was very well given.

The judges were Miss Pfeiffer, head of the English Department; Miss Powers, English teacher, and Miss Kaliher, history teacher. They were unanimous in their choice of Thomas Joyce, victor, and William Andrews, honorable mention.

Mr. Strout then told of the great advantage gained by entrance into the contest. He stated that the contestants had gained in three ways: first, by the information concerning the Constitution; second, by the memorizing and training gained in learning their talks; and third, by the experience in facing the school.

The orchestra, under the direction of Simeon Decelles, played before and after the assembly and during the time spent in making the decision.

It is interesting to note that last year Thomas Joyce received honorable mention in the local contest, while two years ago the P. H. S. contestant reached the National Semi-finals at Troy, N. Y.

*Anne Butler*

### School Bank

OUR school bank at present seems to carry little or no interest to the majority of students. Deposits have been decreasing to almost nothing. Our banking should be a regular part of the school activity and every student should be a depositor. This should not be difficult considering that deposits of one cent or more are accepted. Perhaps, a penny a day may keep the bills away. Here is an excellent opportunity to have an account for graduation expenses, class ring, fishing pole or any other worthy purchases. Do you recall what Brutus said to Cassius about opportunity?

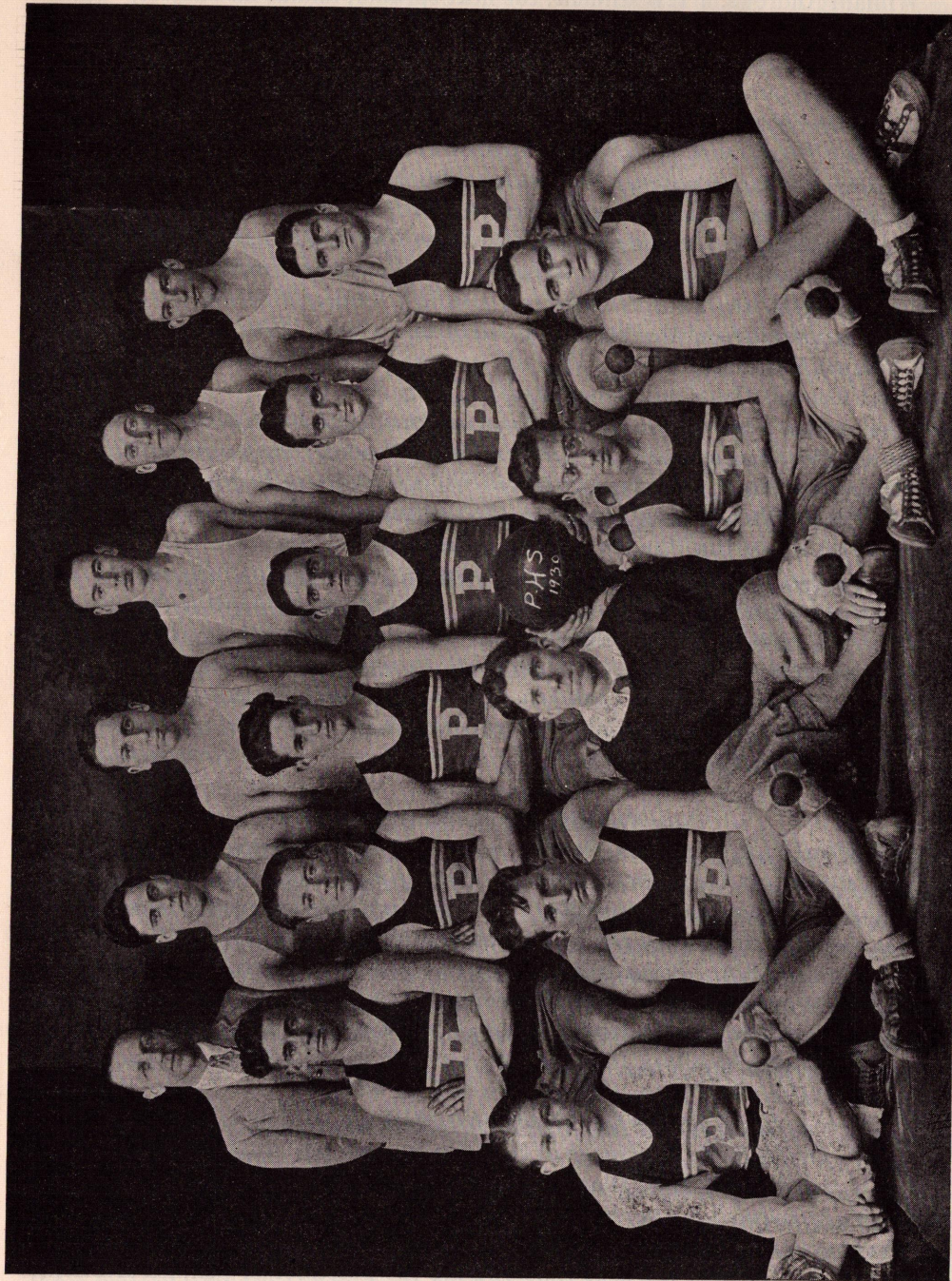
"There is a time in the affairs of men which  
taken at the flood leads on to fortune,  
Omitted all the voyage of their life is  
bound in shallows and in miseries."

Neglecting to keep a bank account may not lead your life to such a Waterloo, but, how about your summer vacation?

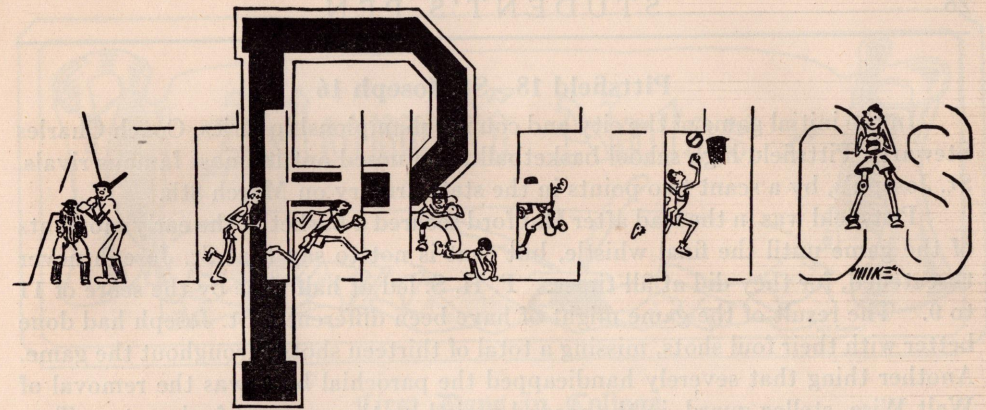
All in all, students, the next time you are the possessor of pennies or other coin, just remember that you may start a bank account and when it has reached the amount of one dollar it will be transferred for you to any bank you desire. There it will proceed to grow to a future fortune.

Banking is conducted by members of the bookkeeping classes, namely students who bear the euphonious title of dignified Senior A's. *M. Griffith, '32*





P. H. S. BASKETBALL TEAM



### Review of the Basketball Season

SINCE the Athletic Council has been organized here at Pittsfield High, the two athletic teams under its supervision have been successful in winning the championships. They have not only won the county championships in baseball and football but have defeated their closest rival, St. Joseph High, in the city series games. Coach Charles Stewart's boys are now well on their way to their third time at the top of the league; this time in basketball. If they win, the first year regime of the Athletic Council will have been completely successful.

This season's team has met with several reverses but only one of these has been received in a league contest, that against Adams High in Adams, and this was at a time when Don Fetherston, elongated center, was eliminated from all further play for the season when he suffered a fractured wrist in the game against the Boys' Club team. His injury came at a serious time when his own play as well as that of the remainder of the team was steadily improving. Pittsfield won over Adams in Pittsfield earlier in the season while the other teams in the league, Dalton, Drury, St. Joseph of North Adams and Williamstown were beaten in both Pittsfield and on their own home courts.

With the teams outside of the league Pittsfield had fair success. Searles trounced them in the opening game of the season when Pittsfield had had but two weeks' practice. Williams High took the game in Stockbridge in a game that required four overtime periods but the locals won easily here. The surprise of the season was when Pittsfield journeyed to Troy and won over the strong Catholic Central team for the first time in four years on their home court. However, Pittsfield lost in the return game at the Boys' Club in a close battle. Other teams that Pittsfield won over were the Boys' Club team, Berkshire Business College, and the alumni, while they were defeated by Troy High.

### All-Berkshire Teams

The members of the sporting department of *The Student's Pen* have the following to suggest for All-Berkshire teams:—

First Team—Forwards, Dublois of Adams and Grady of St. Joseph; Center, Hanford of Pittsfield; Guards, Shelsy of Pittsfield and Hamelin of Drury.

Second Team—Forwards, French of Williams and Boyd of St. Joseph; Center, King of Searles; Guards, Javorski of Adams and LaFontana of Searles.



### Pittsfield 18—St. Joseph 16

In the initial game of the city and county championship series, Coach Charles Stewart's Pittsfield high school basketball team, nosed out its most famous rivals, St. Joseph's, by a scant two points in the state armory on March 8th.

Pittsfield was in the lead after Hanford secured a basket in the early moments of the game until the final whistle, but that is not to say that St. Joseph never threatened, for they did at all times. P. H. S. led at half time by the score of 11 to 9. The result of the game might of have been different if St. Joseph had done better with their foul shots, missing a total of thirteen shots throughout the game. Another thing that severely handicapped the parochial boys was the removal of Walt Wise, stellar guard, in the second period by the personal foul route. Tom Kirby of St. Joseph and Tom Curtin of Pittsfield were also forced to leave the game because of this, the former in the final period and the Pittsfield star in the second period.

Captain Mike Shelsy was the inspiration of the Pittsfield team with his fighting spirit and his fine qualities of leadership. Mike put up a great game on the defense by keeping the St. Joseph's shots few and far between. Joe Nilan prevented Peanut Grady, the fastest player in Berkshire County, from making more than two floor goals. Bill Hanford was the high scorer of the evening, with seven points, while Jimmy McGivern put up a remarkable floor game.

### Captains Leave

Several valuable members of this year's basketball team have performed their last for Pittsfield high. John Conry graduated in February and was not available for duty after that date; Mike Shelsy, Conry's successor as captain, leaves in June after playing for three years in creditable style, Don Ruesch was lost in February, and Bill Henderson has finished his career with P. H. S. The loss of all these boys will be keenly felt but many other boys from this year's squad will remain. Tom Curtin, Bill Hanford, Joe Nilan, Flip Flaherty, Henry Schachte, Jimmy McGivern, Joe Vaccaro, Fred Callo, Jack Madden and "Red" Haskins will be available for at least part of next season.

Dr. Russell: "—and every person has more or less sulphur in his body."

Pilsbury: "Well, that explains it."

Dr. Russell: "Explains what?"

Pilsbury: "Why some girls make better matches than others."

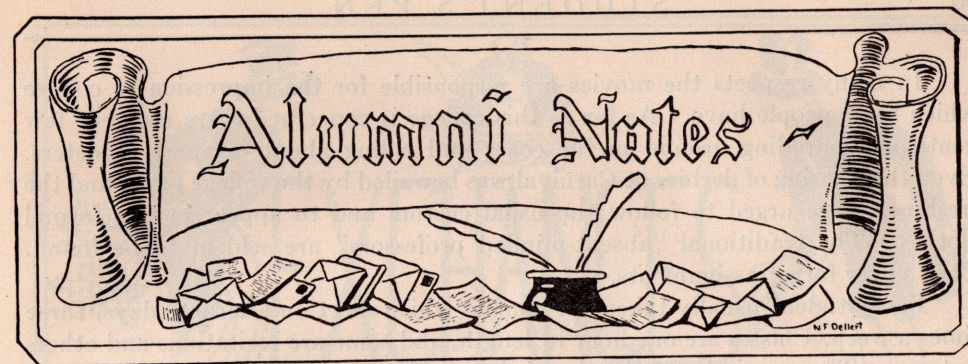
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### Heard at the Prom

Dick: "Grace, do you know the difference between riding in a street car and in a taxi?"

Grace: "No, what is it?"

Dick: "Then we may just as well take a street car."



### First Days in College

EVERY freshman entering college has certain ideas on college life, which may have been picked up in various ways, through movies, books, and stories told by both alumni and undergraduates. Some of these ideas are changed the moment he arrives. Others turn out to be realities.

The freshman's first week at college is most adequately described by the one word that Sherman used when referring to war. He really "doesn't know what the score is." More men come around trying to sell him things than during the whole remainder of the year. As a result, he is confused and never buys anything worth while. However, experience is a wonderful teacher, and the manner in which some of the sophomores deal with book agents is to be marvelled at.

Life in a dormitory is a new experience for the newcomer. He lives with about a hundred other boys in one big building and he has to adapt himself to the new surroundings. The freshman with "a chip on his shoulder" is soon given treatment. His bed, desk, chairs, and bureau are quietly removed in his absence and sometimes he has a long hunt before the missing articles are discovered. Practical jokes are always being played on someone. One of the boys awoke the other night to find a dog asleep on his bed. Such experiences make life interesting.

It seems as if every room in the dormitory has at least a phonograph, while some have radios, accordions, and many other types of music-producing instruments. One boy has in his room two organs, a saxophone, a clarinet and a guitar. The organs are the most offending, for the idea of hearing "Nearer My God to Thee" as one drops off to sleep is not especially appealing.

The movie theater is a feature that can be found nowhere but in a college town. Ventilation is regulated by cries of "Air" and "Turn off the air" on the part of the student. The walls are covered with tin instead of wall paper because ripe vegetables leave no stain on the painted tin. Before the show starts, the time is passed away in peanut and apple fights. One must enter bareheaded according to custom, and if a man dares to come in with a head-piece on, he is at once greeted with shouts of "Hat" and also with showers of peanuts. He invariably takes the hat off. If some of the actors and actresses could only see the way in which their pictures are treated, they would probably weep. The slightest mistake in presentation calls forth loud cries of "Focus" and "Fix it." When one feels inclined to comment on the acting or the actors, he does so without hesitation and it is often said that the "wisecracks" make the show worth while.



In many respects the movies are responsible for the impression of college which most people have. As far as this college is concerned there are very few gentlemen parading around in fur coats and riding about in sport roadsters. Even the wearing of derbies at Carnival was bewailed by the college paper and the freshmen were urged to follow the usual custom and to appear in less formal clothes. The traditional "absent-minded professors" are seldom to be found. They never forget assignments.

Each student usually takes five courses which meet on alternate days, three times a week. Classes are one hour in length, and some are recitations and others lectures. The remainder of the time is left to the student and is spent in study, athletics, and recreation.

One thing which the freshman has to endure for about a week is hazing, or Delta Alpha. He is required to perform tasks which the sophomore desires, such as carrying trunks, beating rugs, and moving furniture. The other forms of initiation are most interesting. The upperclassmen in each dormitory compose a prayer, which is noted more for its long words and length than for its religious beauty. The freshman must learn this and be able to recite it with great show of fervor and submission. Some of the words were never heard of by Mr. Webster himself.

At night the real fun begins. One game which is played is called "organ," where each freshman is given a note in the scale and sings this note when urged by the application of a paddle. Thus musical sophomores can play tunes to their heart's content. Drama is also staged effectively when Eliza crosses the ice, as in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Eliza is a freshman who holds a pail of water in each hand. The cakes of ice and the pursuing dogs are represented by his classmates. Everyone is wringing wet before the crossing is completed.

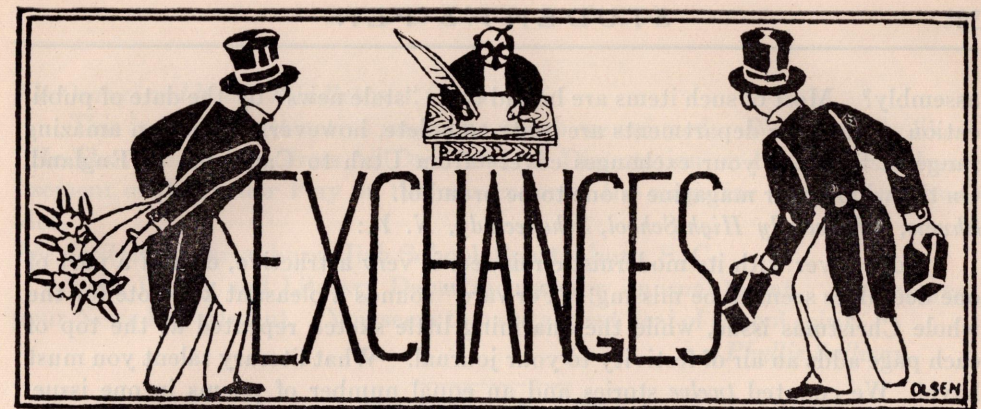
On the next Saturday, before the football game, a big parade closes the festivities. There are cannibals, soldiers, and bathing beauties. Kiddy-car races complete the program, and the freshman is in most respects a free man. Of course, he must not walk on the grass and must wear his little green hat, but these are pleasures when compared to some of the things he has been through.

The memory of these first week experiences will always remain with the freshman, even after he has left school. They represent a distinct phase of his college life. In many colleges the practice of hazing has been discontinued, but it seems that this act leaves a gap in the freshman year which nothing else can fill. There seems to be no other process capable of convincing the entering boy that there is a vast difference in prestige between an all-powerful high school senior and a lowly college freshman.

Dartmouth, '33

A lad went one night to a dance  
Without giving his home-work a glance,  
But his teacher was there,  
So the next day, with care,  
He just padded the seat of his pants.

B. B., '32



### As We See Others

*The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.:*

We are always glad to hear from Westfield, Mass. Your standard cover is so neat and good looking, it gives one the impression that something substantial and worthwhile is inside. We enjoyed especially "Visiting a Broadcasting Studio" and "All In a Day's Conversation," the latter being very humorous.

Your poetry is good but the arrangement of your magazine would be greatly improved if there were a special department for it. All your editorials are good and very worthwhile. "Attitudes," "Tardiness" and "Character" are indeed important in a pupil's life. From "Locals" we gathered the student body is very ambitious with its plays and assemblies. The Alumni is a very complete department. Athletics is almost always an interesting department and we found yours particularly so. The Exchange Department was well arranged and the collection of the best poems from different magazines was a good idea. Your humor department has some really good bits.

*The Maroon and White, Brooklyn, N. Y.:*

As we opened the *Maroon and White* our eyes fell on the lovely Farewell Message written by Miss Elsie N. Briley. It was overflowing with beautiful thoughts for the success of all the members of the 1930 January Class.

You have some very good writers at your school for your stories are always interesting and well-written. Some of the stories which we liked especially are, "On Securing of Drivers' License," "My Dog House," and "Sisterly Love."

You have a very valuable asset to your school in the talent and large number of your poets. What enjoyment we received from "The Legend of Lizzie Fry, The Pirate."

*Panorama, Binghamton Central High School, Binghamton, N. Y.:*

We like "Breakers Ahead," both the frontispiece and the editorial. The essay on "Friendship" is splendid, and in some parts shows quite mature thinking for a high school student. "A Mid-Winter Outing" has plenty of life and action, but not much of a plot. "On the Circle" is clever, but too short; it offers the possibility of much more detailed development. The first poem under the Poet's Corner embodies a beautiful thought—doesn't it deserve a better title than merely "Poem?"

Those auditorium notes! They are mere statistics and nothing more. Also, what is the value of including the day's announcements in the report of each



assembly? Most of such items are bound to be "stale news" by the date of publication. All other departments are quite complete, however. What an amazing range of territory your exchanges cover—from Utah to California to England! On the whole your magazine is one to be proud of.

*Shucis, Schenectady High School, Schenectady, N. Y.:*

Your cover with its modernistic reindeer is very attractive, even if a part of one deer does seem to be missing! "Forward" sounds a pleasant key-note for the whole Christmas issue, while the charming little sketch repeated at the top of each page adds an air of festivity to your journal. What literary talent you must have! We counted *twelve* stories and an equal number of poems in one issue. It makes us quite green with envy!

We like the idea of your Bookcase; sometimes book review departments are such dry-as-dust affairs. Some of the editorials show deep thought behind them, but we don't care for the cut for that section. Finally, congratulations on the Alumni Notes! The three letters describing the college experiences of your graduates are among the most interesting items of this issue.

*The Cue, Albany, N. Y.:*

Aha! *The Cue*, which we are always so glad to receive. I wonder if the cover could be improved? You know—doctored up a little to give it some more life. The cuts of the departments could be better. We enjoyed the Faculty Biography of Miss Georgia W. Shute very much. The story "Alighieri" caught our fancy and this was the best one of your issue.

Nary a bit of poetry did we find. A magazine is hardly complete without a poetry department. We also think it would improve your magazine to put the list of departments at the beginning of the book instead of farther along in your magazine.

*The Saint Joseph's Prep Chronicle, Philadelphia, Pa.:*

We liked "Two Parkers" and, being air-minded (slightly), we enjoyed "Grenades." "The Clue" was very well written and we only wished it was more exciting. "Steers" was good, even if it was a dream. "Toddlers in Toyland" was a wonderful description of what we all see at Christmas time. Of all your excellent poems, "The Fugitive" was decidedly the very best. What a clever idea of having snapshots of the football game! It certainly made the account much more interesting. And last, but not least—your "Gleanings" were very humorous.

*The Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon, Mass.:*

"A Winter Morning" and "The Little Cabin In The Pines" were your best stories. It would improve your magazine very much to have a separate poetry department and more poetry. "Birdman of The Iron Cross" deserves a good deal of praise. Your cuts could be improved and also the cover. Also, it is necessary to use all those sayings scattered through the magazine?

*The L. C. S. Messenger, Townshend, Vt.*

On the whole your paper was good but more contributions would improve it a great deal. Your stories are good but there are not enough of them. The joke department was very witty. Come again!

*The Orange and Black, Middletown, Conn.*

This is another attractive magazine which we enjoyed. We especially liked "He That Riseth late Trots All Day" and "A Dissertation on Pie." The advertisement of the Senior Play on the rear cover of the magazine was a very novel idea.

*The Scribbler, Spartanburg High School, Spartanburg, S. C.*

Your Poetry and Literary Departments show unusual talent. We enjoyed your News Department. You seem to have a great deal of school spirit.

*Phyllis Sullivan.*

### As Others See Us

"Time, You Old Gypsy Man" by Dorothy Crowley, 1932 and "Evening" by Clara Kibby, 1932, were reprinted under the Exchange Departments of the *High School Herald*, Westfield, Mass.

"A College Man's Christmas Eve" was good. The illustrations could be better, but we must say your humour department has some really good bits. Congratulations!—*The Maroon and White*, Brooklyn, N. Y.

First, we must congratulate you on the cover of your Thanksgiving number. We find your Exchange and Alumni departments well arranged and interesting. Much talent is shown in your poetry.—*Panorama*, Binghamton, N. Y. From *Maroon and White*, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The contents of the magazine are, on the whole, good. However, we advise more art work and cuts to enliven its appearance. We acknowledge with due thanks your kind criticism of us: "The Maroon and White is a very good magazine. The Literary and Poetry departments are especially well-written. The great number of cuts also helps the appearance of the magazine.

*Phyllis Sullivan*

We acknowledge the following magazines:

*The Academe*, North Adams, Mass.

*Brocktonia*, Brockton, Mass.

*The Cue*, Albany, N. Y.

*Fern Cliff Echo*, Lee, Mass.

*Garnet and White*, West Chester, Penn.

*Green and Gold Leaf*, Stockbridge, Mass.

*The High School Herald*, Westfield, Mass.

*The Index*, Worcester, Mass.

*The Maroon and White*, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Noddler*, East Boston, Mass.

*Orange and Black*, Middletown, Conn.

*Panorama*, Binghamton, N. Y.

*The Purple Pennant*, Cortland, N. Y.

*The Record*, Boston, Mass.

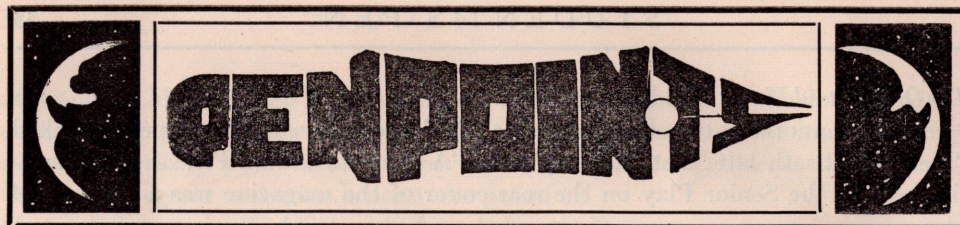
*The Red and Black*, Claremont, N. H.

*The Red Pen*, Reading, Penn.

*The Shusis*, Schenectady, N. Y.

*The Saint Joseph Prep Chronicle*, Philadelphia, Pa.





According to one of our eminent English teachers, the five senses of the ordinary senior don't add up to a nickel.

### Embarrassing Moments

At the Hub.

The check is seventy-five cents; Morin has eighty, and his lady friend is deciding whether or not to have dessert.

\* \* \* \*

Day by Day in Every Way—

I'm getting bigger and bigger—E. Michelson

I'm getting older and older—Pittsfield High School

I'm getting later and later—Morin

I'm getting more and more—Senior A Treasury

I'm getting brighter and brighter—Haylon

\* \* \* \*

Michelman: "You better get a haircut."

Hiironen: "How's that?"

Michelman: "Well, that's cheaper than buying a violin."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Power (to explain point): "What would you say if your mother made a pie and forgot to put in the filling?"

Hanford: "Some crust, some crust."

\* \* \* \*

"Cupid's Garden—The Library.

"Journey's End"—Graduation.

"Fate"—What we blame for low marks.

"Little Man"—Any Freshman.

"Pass Me Not"—What you never hear.

\* \* \* \*

Last year at the time of the scarlet fever epidemic, Lombard, the man who owes everybody, contracted the disease.

"Send for my creditors," he whispered, "Now I can give them something at last."

\* \* \* \*

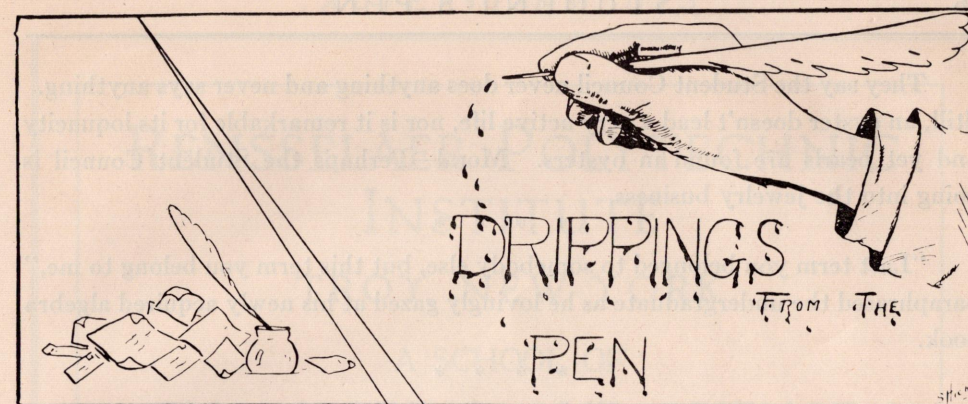
And because she was only a second hand furniture dealer's daughter, she wouldn't allow much on the old parlor sofa.

\* \* \* \*

(JOKE)

Miss McSweeny: "Why aren't you taking home any books today?"

"P. G." Leavitt: "Not me, teacher. I tried that once and lost a valuable book that way."



BY R. G. N.

"—of shoes-and ships-and sealing-wax—of cabbages-and kings—"

Strike up the band, boys, and for your first number play "The Marching Song of the P. H. S. Checker Team." All together, now, let her rip!

"The checker team will win today

With DORFMAN at the helm,

For all the checker players say

He's champion of the realm."

\* \* \* \*

A rumor is in circulation that a retired government employe named Coolidge, whose home is in Northampton, Mass., has been trying to get some of his articles accepted for publication in this section. We have no statement to make on this matter and apparently neither has Mr. Coolidge.

\* \* \* \*

At Dartmouth they have ski-joring in the winter. At P. H. S., says one bright student, the joring comes from the teachers, and we have it all year 'round.

\* \* \* \*

### Great Barrington Assumes its Rightful Place Among the Nations!

At least one inmate of our great institution reads the papers, in evidence of which observe what Harlan Braun of the class of 1932 discovered in our local news-sheet a few days ago in regard to the naval conference.

"No formal understanding has been recorded, but it was said the United States and Great *Barrington* (the italics are ours), while advocating the abolition of submarines, were prepared to accept the French viewpoint which provides for continuation of this branch of navies but with the application of "humanizing" rules governing war activities."



They say the Student Council never does anything and never says anything. Still, an oyster doesn't lead a very active life, nor is it remarkable for its loquacity and yet pearls are found in oysters. Moral—Perhaps the Student Council is going into the jewelry business.

\* \* \* \*

"Last term you belonged to somebody else, but this term you belong to me," paraphrased the undergraduate as he lovingly gazed at his newly acquired algebra book.

\* \* \* \*

A famous eastern college requires applicants to state their exact weight and height. We suppose that many a good man who has passed his entrance exams has been refused admittance by two inches and half a pound.

\* \* \* \*

Speaking of colleges, we wonder if it's hard to get into that Electoral College Mrs. Bennett is always talking about. There's another possibility, Senior A's.

\* \* \* \*

#### Social Item

Mr. Arthur Sturgis of Room 13, who has been complaining of a bump on the end of his neck for several weeks, has just discovered that it is his head. His condition is improving as well as can be expected.

\* \* \* \*

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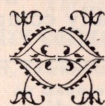
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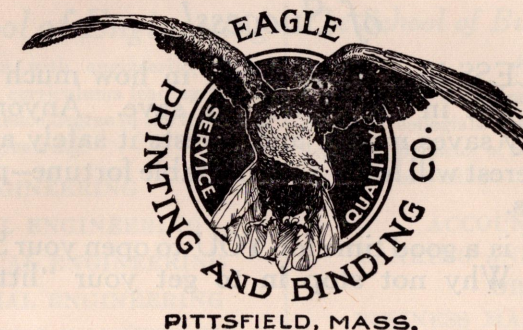
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This issue of "The Student's Pen" was the one of which a copy was enclosed in the corner stone of the new High School Building.  
E. S. H.



The Student's Pen  
March 1930